

1. K. Leade couragious Cofin.

1. 2. K. Wee'l follow cheerefully.

A great noife within crying, run, fave hold:

Enter in haft a Messenger.

Meff. Hold, hold, O hold, hold, hold.

Enter Pirithous in hafte.

Pir. Hold hoa: It is a curfed haft you made
If you have done fo quickly: noble *Palamon*,
The gods will fhew their glory in a life.
That thou art yet to leade.

Pal. Can that be,

When *Venus* I have faid is falfe? How doe things fare?

Pir. Arife great Sir, and give the tydings eare
That are moft early sweet, and bitter.

Pal. What

Hath wakt us from our dreame?

Pir. Lift then: your Cofen

Mounted upon a Steed that *Emily*

Did firft beftow on him, a blacke one, owing

Not a hayre worth of white, which fome will fay

Weakens his price, and many will not buy

His goodneffe with this note: Which fuperftition

Heere findes allowance: On this horfe is *Arcite*

Trotting the ftones of *Athens*, which the *Calkins*

Did rather tell, then trample; for the horfe

Would make his length a mile, if't pleas'd his Rider

To put pride in him: as he thus went counting

The flinty pavement, dancing as t'wer to'th Muficke

His owne hoofes made; (for as they fay from iron

Came Mufickes origen) what envious Flint,

Cold as old *Saturne*, and like him poffeff

With fire malevolent, darted a Sparke

Or what feirce fulphur elfe, to this end made,

I comment not; the hot horfe, hot as fire

Tooke Toy at this, and fell to what diforder

His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,

Forgets fchoole doeing being therein traird,

And of kind mannadge, pig-like he whines

At

At the Sharpe Rowell, which he feats at rather
Then any jot obaies; seekes all foule meanes
Of boyftrous and rough Iadrie, to dif-feate
His Lord, that kept it bravely: when nought serv'd,
When neither Curb would cracke, girth breake nor diffing
Dis-roote his Rider whence he gre w, but that (plunges
He kept him tweene his legges, on his hind hoofes
on end he ftands

That *Arcites* leggs being higher then his head
Seem'd with ftange art to hang: His victorios wreath
Even then fell off his head: and prefently
Backward the Iade comes ore, and his full poyze
Becomes the Riders load: yet is he living,
But fuch a vefsell tis, that floates but for
The furge that next approaches: he much defires
To have fome fpeech with you: Loe he appeares.

Enter Thefens, Hipolita, Emilia, Arcite, in a chaire.

Pal. O miserable end of our alliance

The gods are mightie *Arcite*, if thy heart,

Thy worthie, manly heart be yet unbroken:

Give me thy laft words, I am *Palamon*,

One that yet loves thee dying.

Arc. Take *Emilia*

And with her, all the worlds joy: Reach thy hand,

Farewell: I have told my laft houre; I was falfe,

Yet never treacherous: Forgive me Cofen:

One kiffe from faire *Emilia*: Tis done:

Take her: I die.

Pal. Thy brave foule feeke *Elizium*.

(thee,

Emil. Ile clofe thine eyes Prince; blessed foules be with

Thou art a right good man, and while I live,

This day I give to teares.

Pal. And I to honour.

Thef. In this place firft you fought: ev'n very here

I funderd you, acknowledge to the gods

Our thanks that you are living:

His part is playd, and though it were too fhort

He did it well: your day is lengthned, and,

The